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FRIDAY, MARCH 11, 1904.

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## GENERAL ELECTION

Still To Be Looked For  
Shortly After Easter.

### MR. BALFOUR'S DILEMMA.

Once more yesterday rumours of an early  
dissolution of Parliament filled the air.

In the fiscal debate on Wednesday night the  
Prime Minister spoke of the Government  
"wanting a dissolution" for certain reasons—  
namely, that such a great change in our  
policy as retaliation could not be made with-  
out a special mandate from the country. He  
also spoke of the Sheffield policy as the plat-  
form upon which he would take his stand "at  
the next General Election."

Not unnaturally Mr. Balfour's words were  
taken by many people to mean that the election  
he referred to could not be far off, and  
this we believe to be the case.

Some weeks ago we stated that it was the  
intention of Ministers to go to the country  
just after Easter, and a Cabinet Minister  
stated, in conversation yesterday, that this de-  
cision still holds good. He would not make  
any statement whatever for publication, but  
"you may take it from me," he said, "that  
the House will meet again after the Easter  
recess for only a very short time, and that the  
election will take place in the early summer."

### MINISTERS BLOCK THE WAY.

"It is quite true," remarked a prominent  
political organiser yesterday, "that in the  
discussion upon the Cabinet split the other  
evening Mr. Balfour said he had no intention  
of resigning now, and it is true also that he  
would like, if he could, to carry out some  
scheme of War Office reform before he quits  
office. In fact, as he said, not long ago, to  
one of his supporters in the House, 'I should  
like to give Arnold-Forster and Lyttelton a  
chance to do something, and they cannot  
show what they are made of under a year.'"

"But it is just this question of War Office  
reform which is one of his greatest troubles.  
Mr. Brodrick and Lord Lansdowne, who are  
opposed by the plain terms in which they  
were censured by the Committee of Three,  
have found supporters in the Cabinet. What  
certain Ministers feel is that if outsiders are  
to be called in to teach Secretaries of State  
their business, no one will be safe. They are  
determined to do all they can, therefore, to  
prevent Mr. Brodrick's Army Corps scheme  
from being thrown over, and generally to  
hinder the Prime Minister from accepting  
the Committee's proposals as they stand."

"Mr. Balfour is thus in this difficulty. If  
he doesn't carry out the Committee's scheme  
he will certainly have trouble in the country.  
If he does, he will have more rows in the  
Cabinet, and that is what he hates more than  
anything else in the world. Nothing but a  
dissolution can get him out of his dilemma."

### KING AND ARMY SCHEME.

This view of the case is corroborated by a  
statement in the "Birmingham Gazette and  
Express," on the subject of the King's atti-  
tude towards the Army Reform plan:—

There is (says the London correspondent of the  
Birmingham Journal) a constitutional objection  
to "dragging the King" into a public contro-  
versy, but his Majesty is quite ready to father  
responsibility for the clean sweep at the War  
Office and of the Army Corps scheme. The  
recommendations of Lord Esher's Committee  
were in accordance with the King's well-known  
wishes in regard to Army organisation.

Unfortunately the Cabinet has not assisted  
the Esher Committee. It is disposed, with the  
exception of Mr. Arnold-Forster, to stand by  
Mr. Brodrick's system because it is Mr. Brod-  
rick's. The result is that the transition is  
blocked by Cabinet preference, and confusion  
is greater than ever.

The suggestion that the King might dismiss  
the Ministry if it refused to carry out the  
changes recommended is not taken seriously  
at Westminster. "Mr. Balfour," explained an  
old Parliamentary hand yesterday afternoon,  
"would, of course, resign, if he had a hint of  
his Majesty's displeasure. But King Edward is  
far too good a constitutionalist to give such  
a hint. If anybody is to dismiss the present  
Ministry, it must be the country, not the  
King."

## MLLE. GENEV SCORES AGAIN AT THE EMPIRE.



This bewitching premiere danseuse is the life of the successful Empire ballets. She is a thorough little actress, as well as a perfect dancer, and seems to sparkle on the stage. In "High Jinks," the latest brilliant production, she fully sustains her high reputation.  
[by Hans.]

## BLACKMAIL IN THE NAVY.

**Sailors in Barracks Have To Pay for Leave.**

### WOMEN AGENTS IMPLICATED.

**Ships' Police Grow Rich and Own Motor Cars.**

For some time past (writes a well-informed naval correspondent) ugly reports have been circulated in the naval ports concerning a system of blackmail alleged to be enforced by the ships' police attached to the naval barracks at Chatham and Keyham.

The abuses in question are of comparatively recent origin, and have evidently grown up with the development of naval barracks. In a minor degree, blackmail may have been enforced by the ships' police in the old guard ships and depôts. Now that three to four thousand men are housed in the barracks at Chatham and Keyham the opportunities of the police have evidently expanded.

### Bribes Accepted by Police.

In "Truth" of January 21 appeared a striking letter, written by a petty officer or seaman quartered in Chatham barracks. The writer stated that if a man broke his leave or committed any minor breach of discipline, he could evade punishment by paying a few shillings to the police. These bribes varied in amount from 1s. to 5s. The editor of "Truth" published an account of the editorial comments made on the letter, but now the "Naval and Military Record" intervenes.

In yesterday's issue this well-known service paper says the allegations that appeared in "Truth" are supported by the independent testimony of a naval officer, who can have no other object than the welfare of the service in view. He is convinced that the ships' police at the barracks levy blackmail, and that men have to submit to this pernicious system in order to secure a reasonable share of leave and other privileges.

Responsible officers at the barracks suspect that something is amiss, but the men cannot be induced to frame charges against the police. They are afraid of being severely punished if they fail to substantiate such charges, and they know that they will be sent to sea in the first draft.

### Evading Foreign Service.

There is reason to suspect that the gravest abuses are connected with this matter of drafting men for foreign service. Every man likes to enjoy some home service, yet it appears to be within the power of the barracks police to draft men off to sea unless they submit to the system of blackmail.

It is whispered that certain women resident in the naval ports are in league with the ships' police, and are active in assisting men who pay the "sacred" bribes to evade foreign service.

House property at the naval ports has been acquired by the petty officers in the ships' police, whose rate of pay does not explain the ownership of half a street of dwellings. Others own motor-cars. Others again contrive to deck their wives with expensive jewellery, and to send their daughters to expensive schools. These things clearly suggest that service pay is being supplemented.

The naval authorities should investigate this scandal, and put an end to the whole system. Meanwhile, we shall treat as absolutely confidential any evidence of these abuses that may be sent to us by our naval readers.

## WOMEN BURIED IN SNOW.

**Avalanche Brings Death to a Mountain Village.**

The news of a terrible Alpine catastrophe has reached here from Rome (says our Geneva correspondent).

Arena, a village in Calabria, perched in the Apennines, has been wrecked by an avalanche which buried seven women and injured several others.

The villagers were engaged in baking bread in the village oven, when a cry of "Avalanche!" was raised, and they rushed in all directions in a panic. Six of the women, however, were caught by the avalanche and buried under the mass of snow.

The tocsin was sounded, and all the villagers in the neighbourhood set to work with shovels to rescue the victims. Finally, the bodies were recovered, but only three persons were found to be living. It will take many days to free the village of snow.

### FLYING THROUGH SPACE.

A model of the electrical mono-rail, constructed for the Royal Commission, was shown by the inventor, Mr. Behr, yesterday at the premises of the Model Manufacturing Company, Addison-road North.

To-day the model is to be shipped to the United States, and is to be shown at the St. Louis Exhibition.

Each car is intended to run alone, but they will be able to follow very closely upon one another. Mr. Behr considers that a hundred miles an hour will be the practical working speed.

Mr. Lyttelton, replying to the Society of Friends with reference to Chinese immigration into the Transvaal, says he is unable to see that men who voluntarily undertake honest work for high wages are under demoralising conditions.

## JAPAN'S BOLD MOVE.

**TROOPS SUDDENLY REVEALED IN SOUTH MANCHURIA.**

From a variety of sources information has been received which to a large extent, reveals the bold and rapid movements which the Japanese have been making in Korea during the silence of the past few weeks.

These reports agree that the Japanese troops have landed at Takushan, which is on the coast of Korea, about thirty miles west of the Yalu River, and have also occupied Feng-huan-Cheng, in South Manchuria, on the side of the Yalu, about thirty miles from the Korean border, and at an equal distance from the sea.

This sudden revelation of the positions occupied by Japanese troops, has had the effect of practically turning Russia's position, leaving them no alternative but to retreat in the direction of Mukden and New-chwang to protect the railway which is now not only threatened by the Japanese land forces but also by sea from the Gulf of Lia-tung.

It is asserted that in the course of this retreat the Russians sustained some losses, but to what extent is not yet known.

From the positions occupied by the Japanese at Takushan and Feng-huan-Cheng, they will have to travel a distance of only about seventy miles in order to reach the railway, which at present is, of course, their main object, with a view to isolating Port Arthur from the north.

The position is undoubtedly interesting and full of startling possibilities.

### JAPAN'S GUNS STILL BUSY.

For eight hours yesterday the Japanese squadron off Port Arthur is reported to have bombarded the port at intervals. The ships were observed at eleven o'clock on Wednesday night, and either through stress of weather or the firing of guns from the batteries the Japanese were reported to have disappeared. But they came back again in ten minutes, and from midnight kept their guns going until breakfast time.

According to news sent by Reuter from a private source at Yuesan, Korea, the Japanese squadron has bombarded Vladivostok on three occasions since the 6th inst.

### JAPS' LUCKY FIND.

**Four Hundred Torpedoes Found On the Variag.**

Despite the predictions of Russian naval critics to the effect that the Japanese would find it impossible to raise the Russian cruiser Variag, which was sunk in the engagement off Chemulpho, on February 9, the Japanese are busily engaged in salvaging operations under the supervision of Government engineers, and they declare they will have her ready for service in a few months.

But a remarkable discovery has been made on the vessel in the shape of no fewer than 400 White-head torpedoes, which are estimated to be of the value of £200,000, and this astonishing find is all the more remarkable from the fact that these torpedoes represented the entire stock of torpedoes required for the Russian fleet in the Far East.

## ROYAL ANNIVERSARY.

**Queen's Wedding Day Presented to the King.**

The King and Queen celebrated the forty-first anniversary of their marriage yesterday very quietly at Buckingham Palace. Early in the day the Queen and Princess Victoria conducted the King to one of the state rooms, in which had been hung a recently-finished picture of the Queen in her Coronation robes by Mr. Edward Hughes.

The picture was veiled, and the King was asked to pull a cord which would bring about the "unveiling." Having done so, his Majesty expressed his great pleasure and satisfaction with the present.

The picture represents her Majesty in the orange-gold dress which she wore at the Coronation, and is considered an excellent portrait.

Their Majesties spent practically the whole day at home. The Prince and Princess of Wales, lunched with the King and Queen, and in the evening the latter dined with the Prince and Princess at Marlborough House.

Rumour has it that the King and Queen will leave England for Denmark earlier than was expected.

### THE KING'S HEALTH.

His Majesty the King, says the "Lancet," has now recovered from a sharp catarrhal attack. The cold, commencing, as is usual in these insidious cases, with irritation in the throat and mouth, was aggravated by the exertion of his visit to Cambridge.

As a result, on his return from Cambridge there were some fever and bronchial irritation. His Majesty was kept in rooms of a uniform temperature, and the slight pulmonary symptoms soon subsided.

## OUR CIRCULATION COMPETITION.

**Ten Pounds Won by a "Daily Illustrated Mirror" Reader Who Estimated Wednesday's Circulation to the Exact Figure.**

We have much pleasure in announcing that our second circulation competition has been won by

J. V. HERRING,  
18, Milton-road, Old Ford, E.

Mr. Herring put the number at 147,622, and this was exactly right. Several other competitors came within one of the correct figures.

The winner will receive his cheque in the course of to-day.

## UNSOLVED TRAGEDY.

**PISTOL SHOT IN THE NIGHT WHICH NO ONE HEARD.**

The tragic circumstances of the death of Mrs. Henrietta Elizabeth O'Hagan were investigated by Mr. Forbes, coroner for North-East Middlesex, at Wood Green last night.

The husband, Horatio John O'Hagan, a commission merchant, living in Victoria-road, Wood Green, stated that they were married about twelve years ago. They had lived apart for ten years. His wife at the time of her death occupied a flat at 22, Hill-street, Knightsbridge, and kept two maid-servants. She frequently visited him, and the longest period which she remained in the house was for eight consecutive days, but usually she only stayed two days. They occupied separate rooms.

His wife arrived at his house on Saturday evening. He had never seen her in better spirits.

His wife went to her room about 10.45 on Sunday night. He heard nothing during the night. On Monday morning he got up at seven o'clock, and half an hour later went into his wife's room, and then saw that she was lying across the bed partly dressed, with her shoes on and with a woollen wrap round her shoulders. There were marks of blood and a pistol lay beside her on the bed.

The pistol was his son's. He took it from him and put it in a drawer in his dressing-table about three years ago. There were three cartridges in the bed partly dressed, with her shoes on and with a woollen wrap round her shoulders. There were marks of blood and a pistol lay beside her on the bed.

On Sunday his wife took the pistol out of the drawer, and he saw her playing with it during the remainder of the afternoon. There was no cartridge in it at the time. He did not know that the pistol was freshly oiled, but he saw his wife with a bicycle oil can during the afternoon. It did not occur to him to say anything to her.

A maid of Mrs. O'Hagan's stated that her mistress suffered from an internal complaint of a serious nature, and had been under medical treatment. In order to obtain sleep she frequently took a drug.

The jury found that the bullet wound from which Mrs. O'Hagan died was self-inflicted, but whether wilfully or accidentally they were unable to say.

### THREAT TO SINK BRITISH SHIPS.

**Coaliers Boarded by Russian Officers in the Red Sea.**

Detailed information from Suez states that when the British merchantmen Frankby and Ettrickdale, laden with coal, were stopped by the Russian Squadron in the Red Sea, they were boarded by officers.

The following alternatives were offered to the captains: (1) Captains and crews to take the ships to Sebastopol, or (2) put armed crews on board and take the ships themselves; (3) if they objected to the above to transfer the crews and sink the ships.

The captains are believed to have agreed to the first of these proposals. However, on the afternoon of February 28, the British merchantmen were released, the captains being given to understand that orders to that effect had been given by the Tsar.

## ANGRY MOTORISTS.

**War Between "Trade" and "No Trade" Partisans.**

The Annual General Meeting of the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland, held at the rooms of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers last night, was protracted to inordinate length—five hours in all—by reason of the contentious nature of the proceedings.

Members of the club have divided themselves mainly into two factions. The one, headed by the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, holds that the primary function of the club as a social institution renders it undesirable that the traders should have any representation in its councils. The second section, on whose behalf the Hon. John Scott-Montagu, M.P., was the leading organizer, is equally strong in its opinion that the encouragement and development of the motor industry being one of the club's chief aims, it was essential that members engaged in the industry should have a voice in the policy of the club.

The battle yesterday raged long and furiously, and it was only at a very late hour that Mr. Roger Wallace, K.C., chairman of the meeting, was able to call upon the secretary to declare the result of the ballot.

This in effect gave the victory to the "Reformers," or trade-inclusion votaries, such well-known active participants in the industry as the Hon. C. S. Rolls, Mr. S. F. Edge, Mr. Charles Jarroitt, and Mr. F. R. Simms being elected.

At Radmannsdorf, near Ljubljana, the railway over-seer was carrying a dozen dynamite cartridges. They exploded in his hand, and all that was found of him were two small bones and part of his wrist.

## "PRETTY FANNY'S WAY."

**Lord Rosebery Bitterly Attacks Mr. Balfour.**

### CURIOUS SPEECH IN THE LORDS.

While the plebeian Commoners were discussing in humdrum fashion the strength of our military establishment the peers of the realm were witnessing a heated and sensational oratorical duel between two of their most skilful and distinguished rhetoricians.

The proceedings opened with their accustomed calm, and the sitting seemed destined to be marked with the usual air of lordly dignity, when Lord Rosebery, his bronzed face flushed, his blue eyes slightly protruding, left his seat on the cross-bench and walked to the Table.

"I want to know," he said, addressing himself to Lord Lansdowne, "what justification there is for the use of the word 'calumny' by the Prime Minister in his speech with reference to comments which he made on Lord George Hamilton's speech at Ealing."

### "Wanting in Good Faith."

The Leader of the Upper House, preserving his wonted calm, came to the box at the Table. He recited the incidents at the Cabinet meetings, quoted speeches of Lord Rosebery and Lord George Hamilton, and declared that the noble lord's interpretation of Lord George Hamilton's speech—that the Premier had presented two separate fiscal policies to his colleagues—was repudiated by Lord George himself. "It is impossible," continued Lord Lansdowne, "to read Lord Rosebery's speech without colouring what the noble earl imputed to the Prime Minister conduct which I can only describe as wanting in good faith."

A storm of cheers swept up and down the Ministerial benches.

Lord Rosebery, evidently labouring under great excitement, again came to the Table. He scowled at his opponent. "There is ample justification in the debates in the Lower House for my statement that Mr. Balfour was ready to produce either policy, as the general election might dictate. No one can fail to see that the Government's attitude is one of animated expectancy, waiting for the guidance of a general election as to the policy to be pursued."

"I consider," he continued, with burning emphasis, "I have placed a fair political interpretation on the statement of Lord George Hamilton and the statements of the Government, and I have read of no Minister who, under similar circumstances, was so thin-skinned as to regard as calumny a statement of opinion so simple and so obviously dictated by the facts."

### An Outrage on Good Taste.

Lord Rosebery waxed bitingly sarcastic. "It may be said that this is only 'Pretty Fanny's way,' but if a man cannot curb his tongue before 'Pretty Fanny' should not be First Lord of the Treasury."

A smile lit the faces of Liberal peers. "The expression used by Mr. Balfour," continued the ex-Premier, as he raised his voice and leant across the table at the spare form of his opponent, "is an outrage on the good taste and decency of Parliament, and although I do not endorse anything which pangs Mr. Balfour may use about me, I have thought it due to the decency of Parliament that I should call attention to this matter."

The news of the scene caused much discussion in the lobbies.

## TOMMY ATKINS

**Rallies to the Flag in Satisfactory Numbers.**

Is a military establishment of 227,000 men a sufficiently powerful force to protect the interests of the British Empire? The question formed the subject of several hours' debate in the Popular Chamber yesterday.

Sir Charles Dilke thought it was more than we required, and he moved the reduction of the establishment by 10,000.

To an audience which was mainly composed of service members and economists he declared that the Government were asking from the taxpayers needless sacrifices, because the Army could be reduced without diminishing its fighting force. We did not require a large peace Army at home in order to supply the drafts necessary for our forces and garrisons abroad.

### In Solemn Mood.

Mr. "Tommy" Bowles, the occupant of a corner seat almost immediately facing Sir Charles Dilke warmly supported his views.

The member for "King's Lynn was in his gravest mood. "This is the moment to reduce the Vote or never. If you pass the Vote for the men you must of necessity vote the pay in order to keep up the Army."

Summing up the case for the Government Mr. Arnold-Forster spoke optimistically of the military situation generally. The number of recruits the War Office was now getting was much larger than at any previous time except during the war, and with the higher rate of pay next year they did not despair of getting all the recruits required. He deprecated a reduction in the strength of the Army as calculated to have a most disastrous effect upon the whole Army machine.

The division on Sir Charles Dilke's motion gave the Government a majority of 63 (228 to 155), and the vote fixing the establishment at 227,000 was carried by 250 votes to 84—majority, 175.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:  
Fine and sunny during the day; fog and frost  
in the morning and at night.  
Lighting-up time: 6.56 p.m.  
Sea passages will be moderate in the North  
Sea, smooth elsewhere. Fog banks will prevail.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A  
GLANCE.

Japanese land forces have made a bold and important move into South Manchuria and on the coast of Korea, in the face of which the Russians have retreated north towards New-chwang and Mukden, in which vicinity heavy fighting is expected, the Russians being strongly entrenched near the railway.—(Page 2.)

Detailed information from Suez respecting the boarding of English colliers by Russians in the Red Sea indicates that the latter threatened to sink the merchantmen. Orders for release were, however, given later.—(Page 2.)

King Edward and his Queen celebrated the forty-first anniversary of their wedding day very quietly at Buckingham Palace. There was a general display of flags in the West End, and an exceptionally large number of callers. In the evening their Majesties dined with the Prince and Princess of Wales at the Palace.—(Page 2.)

We have the authority of a Cabinet Minister for the statement that a General Election may be looked for shortly after Easter. This confirms a statement made in the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* some time since.—(Page 1.)

In the Lords the Earl of Rosebery made an attack on Mr. Balfour in respect of the use of the word "calumny." Lord Lansdowne defended his colleague, and the noble Earl, in a subsequent speech, said he thought it only right to call attention to the matter.—(Page 2.)

Some hours were devoted in the Commons to military matters. Sir C. Dilke moved a reduction of the establishment by 10,000, and the case as presented for the Government was explained by Mr. Arnold-Forster. The reduction was negatived on a division by 63.—(Page 2.)

News comes of further fighting in Somaliland. General Manning, who is at Halin, has successfully completed a raid on the enemy, of whom 150 were killed. Three thousand camels were captured. A movement by Colonel Melliss was also successful.—(Page 3.)

It is stated by a well-informed naval correspondent that a system of blackmail is alleged against the ships' police attached to the naval barracks at Chatham and Keyham.—(Page 2.)

One thousand pounds' damages were awarded by the jury to the plaintiff in the libel action brought by Dr. Dakhyi, of Kensington, against Mr. H. Labouchere, M.P., proprietor of "Truth." Judgment was entered accordingly, with costs.—(Page 6.)

Two artillerymen, proceeding along the shore at Southend, discovered a young woman, who was unconscious and expired on the way to hospital. She has since been identified as a Clerkenwell resident. How she came by her death is at present a mystery.—(Page 4.)

Some amusing evidence was given yesterday in the action for slander brought by Mr. Clery, formerly Parliamentary candidate for Deptford and chairman of the Fawcett Association, against Mr. Nevill, a member of the same body. The case had not concluded when the Court rose.—(Page 6.)

By next month the Cape to Cairo railway reaches the Zambesi at the Victoria Falls. As a result, one of the most wonderful districts in the world will be opened up for tourists.—(Page 4.)

Convinced that the handcuff has not reached perfection, Mr. Hart, a Birmingham blacksmith, has manufactured a new pattern, which he claims will achieve this end. The *Daily Illustrated Mirror* has arranged for the invention to be submitted to a public test at an early date.—(Page 13.)

Just now parsley is exceptionally scarce, the result, it is stated, of the very wet season.—(Page 8.)

Fumes from a defective stove rendered many people attending church near Berlin unconscious. More than one case, it is feared, may terminate fatally.—(Page 8.)

Partly on account of its novel character the "figure competition for the finest man and woman in the British Isles," arranged by the Leeds Society of Physical Culture and Health, has aroused a great deal of interest.—(Page 5.)

Portable geographical globes which can be inflated when required for use in preference to maps, have come into use.—(Page 11.)

"What Great Men Eat" is the subject of a special illustrated article.—(Page 11.)

Timothy Titus won the £1,000 National Hunt Steeplechase at Cheltenham yesterday. The field was a large one, no fewer than eighteen runners taking part.—(Page 14.)

Prospects of the Cambridge crew, who are due at Putney on Monday, are discussed in a special article.—(Page 14.)

With Consols keeping firm, though closing below the best figure reached, a good tendency was given to most markets on 'Change yesterday. The Bank return was a strong one. In the American section matters were more quiet than has been the case for some time past.—(Page 15.)

To-day's Arrangements.

The Duchess of Albany attends the matinee concert and entertainment in aid of the Depford Fund Refuge for Women and Girls, Queen's-gate Hall, Harrington-road, S.W., 3.  
Fancy dress ball, Covent Garden.  
King's College Hospital Fund: Public meeting at the Mansion House, Lord Mayor presiding.  
Lady Euter Smith's Evening Party.  
Lady Hayter's Evening Party, 10.30.  
Council of Executive Committee of Ladies' Grand Council, Princess League, 12.  
Public Schools' Voluntary Annual Field-day, Aylesbury.  
Halo and Riding Pony Society's Show, Agricultural Hall.  
Racing: Kempton Park.

ARMED WHITE MEN RISE AGAINST NEGROES.



Infuriated by race prejudice, a mob of 2,000 white men of Springfield, in Ohio, after taking a negro from gaol and lynching him, invaded the negro district of the city and set fire to it, and shot at every coloured man who appeared in the streets.

CANINE JUSTICE.

Protest Against the Legal Dogs' Curfew.

From time immemorial a dog has been allowed his first bite, and the community has complacently and resignedly yielded the point.  
By the Dogs' Regulation Bill now before Parliament the dogs' proud privileges for mischief are ruthlessly swept away, so the National Canine Defence League have sounded the tocsin to the rescue of their pets.  
The league points out that the Bill has been drafted in the interests of a body they term the cattle-breeding community.  
By the Bill, any dog who chases cattle may be treated as a dangerous animal, and the league, suppressing the fact that the chasing prohibited must be done at night, pretends that if any dog playfully barks at the heels of a cow its summary destruction may be ordered by a magistrate.  
The chief regret of the ordinary citizen is that the Bill does not authorise the summary execution of the many dogs that nightly bay the moon and murder sleep.

WAR UNDER WATER.

Umpires Agree That Submarines "Sink" Battleships.

Our Portsmouth correspondent wires that the umpires have allowed the claim made for the submarines that they sank four battleships in the operations of Tuesday.  
There has been no further fighting, and the submarine flotilla returned into harbour at Portsmouth yesterday, No. 1a having some slight defects to make good.  
It is believed that the next experiment will be made at or near Portland.  
"Our views of naval warfare must now be considerably modified."  
So said a naval expert, speaking of the success of the submarines above referred to.  
"The French naval manoeuvres have taught us something," he continued, "but we have as yet had no such convincing evidence of the value of submarines as this."

HARASSING THE MULLAH.

150 Killed and Thousands of Camels Captured.

Colonel Melliss (says a Reuter's Special from Somaliland) has successfully raided a portion of the Mullah's Karias, near Jidali, capturing 800 camels.  
Armed dhows are patrolling the Hais coast in order to prevent the Mullah from escaping to Arabia when he is hard pressed. It is understood that he is not regarded with favour in Mecca.  
General Manning, who is at Halin, has raided the Karias in the Sorl and the Southern Haud. Three thousand camels and two rifles were captured, and 150 of the enemy were killed.  
Some workmen engaged in demolishing the church of Nagy Pereni, Hungary, broke open a vault, took out the remains of a nobleman, who died in 1631, and threw them into the street. After appropriating everything of value they could find these vandals sold the sarcophagus for 300 kronen (£12).

## CAPE TO CAIRO.

## Cooks' Tours to the Zambesi and Victoria Falls.

In the course of next month the Cape to Cairo Railway will reach the Zambesi at the Victoria Falls, and will open up one of the most wonderful districts in the world for tourists.

The late Mr. Rhodes made it a stipulation with all companies who intended working the district commercially that they should not erect their buildings in such close proximity to the falls as to obstruct the view. His great desire was to bridge the Zambesi at a point where the passengers in the trains could see the falls, but owing to constructional difficulties the idea was abandoned, and the bridge is being built over one of the gorges formed by the action of the waters.

## The Nimble Tourist.

Messrs. Cook are already negotiating with the British South Africa Company with a view of arranging tours to the Zambesi as soon as the railway is open to traffic.

The secretary of the company told a *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative that few people realised the fact that the Victoria Falls were a far more magnificent sight than the Niagara. It is possible to see the Niagara Falls at a glance, but owing to the length of the Victoria Falls it would take several days to see them and the wonderful zig-zag chasms formed by the action of the waters.

The Victoria Falls alone might rank with the seven wonders of the world. They are well over a mile in length, and form a large curve. At the bottom of the falls, where the water descends into a narrow chasm, is an opening appalling in its grandeur, known as the "Boiling Pot"; it is the sole exit for the huge mass of tumbling waters, which, after forcing their way through it, have cut a passage for themselves, which winds in and out through deep gullies parallel with the edge of the fall. It is over one of these cuttings that the railway bridge is being built. It will be about two hundred feet long, but it is not in its length, but in its height from the waters beneath it that it will appeal most to the imagination of the trans-African traveller.

## The Wandering Native.

The gradual march of the railway has been a source of great wonder to the natives, who, to satisfy their curiosity, do all they can to gain employment along the line. Everything is marvellous to them, from the engine down to the rail on which it runs. One of the natives seeing the rubber-covered brake coupling at the rear of a truck, imagined from what he had already seen that it was a telephone, and was found by an overseer shouting into the tube, and very much worried because he could get no reply.

## MIDNIGHT MEALS.

## Van that Supplies Belated Londoners With Supper.

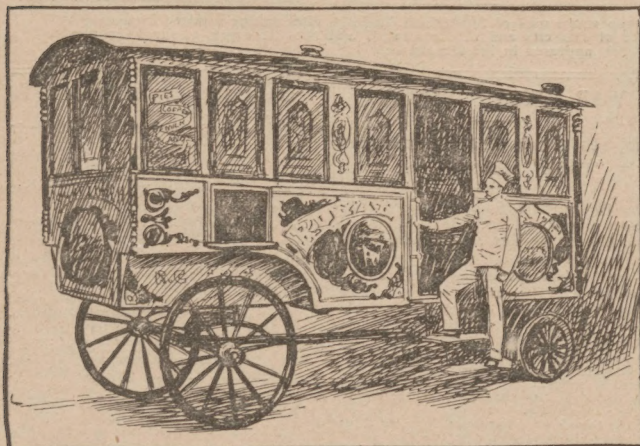
Last night, for the first time, belated Londoners had the opportunity of getting some supper after the fatal hour of 12.30.

A sort of glorified coffee-stall appeared on the streets. The vehicle is magnificently decorated outside, and comfortably fitted within, with seating accommodation for six to sit down and enjoy the dainty little meal prepared in the tiny kitchen. Those who only desire light refreshments can be served through a window with hot drinks, American cakes, and pies.

Great care has been expended on preparing the first van, and should it turn out the success its promoters anticipate, it will be speedily followed by a number of others, to be distributed all over London.

There is no wish to compete with the existing coffee-stalls, but to supply a high-class meal to the numbers of people who are kept out late on business or otherwise in this huge city, and are, unless they are members of a club, utterly debarred from procuring food of any sort.

## LATE SUPPERS ON LONDON STREETS.



This superior coffee stall appeared on the streets of London last night, and for the first time it was possible for others save members of a club to get something to eat after 12.30. There is room inside the car for six to sit and eat, while light refreshment may be served through a window.

## DYING ON SOUTHEAST BEACH.

## Mystery of a Young Clerkenwell Woman's Death.

A mysterious affair is reported by our correspondent at Southend, and at present no explanation is forthcoming to explain the strange circumstances.

Two artillerymen were, it appears, proceeding along the seashore after dark on Wednesday when they came upon the body of a woman lying unconscious on the beach. They obtained assistance

## MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

Fewer cows are kept in the county of London than formerly, the number for 1903 being 4,689, as against 5,467 in 1899.

A handsome and rare snow-leopard from the mountains of Central Asia is among the latest arrivals at the "Zoo."

Public right of way across Hounslow Heath is denied by the Army Council, who assert that the heath is the property of the War Department.

Sugar tax repeal, in consequence of the abolition of sugar bounties, came before the Associated Chambers of Commerce yesterday, but was not

Admiral G. H. Gardner, F.R.G.S., formerly for several years Inspector of Royal Naval Reserves, died yesterday.

Owing to the excitement prevailing among the students at Vienna, the Rector of the University, has found it necessary to close the institution.

Owing to Calais harbour being blocked by a wreck, the mid-day Channel mail and passenger service was yesterday diverted to Boulogne.

Giving evidence before the Traffic Commission yesterday, the Hon. Scott Montagu pointed out that more time was occupied in getting from Hamp-

## BOYS' GAMBLING DEN RAIDED BY THE POLICE.



Through a chink in the shutters of a room in Hammersmith Detective-Sergeant Lambert saw on a Sunday evening a number of boys and young men playing cards. When he raided the room a panic followed and a boy escaped through a window. Henry Collins, the restaurant keeper next door, who let out the room, charged the youthful gamblers a penny for half-an-hour's play.

agreed to. A resolution was adopted in favour of State-owned Colonial telegraphs.

Col. Du Plat Taylor's remains were cremated at Brookwood yesterday, and the funeral was attended by the Post Office Rifles.

Allegations are made against an official in Italian Somaliland of having, in the absence of the Governor, caused several natives to be put to death.

Because a young Viennese boy did not get his supper on his first night of service he set fire to the farm. He has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

Through the breaking of a train coupling on a steep incline at Dean's Colliery, Bristol, a young man named Self was dashed to the bottom and killed instantly.

M. Etienne, Vice-President of the French Chamber, has declared, in the course of an interview, that the French Colonies are at present not safe from attack.

The "Tablet" announces that the Right Rev. Peter Amigo, Bishop-Elect of Southwark, will be consecrated on St. Joseph's Day, March 19, if the brief from Rome arrives in time.

Two thousand four hundred bags of mails, the largest number ever received at Euston at one time, arrived yesterday ex the ss. *Majestic*, and required forty vans for conveyance to the Post Office.

Speaking yesterday at a meeting of the National Association for the Prevention of Consumption, the Earl of Derby said the time had not come for the compulsory notification of phthisis as an infectious disease.

## CITY'S PROMPT ACTION.

Although the recommendation of the jury at the inquest on the victims of the Duke's Head-passage fire was only made on Tuesday, the City Corporation have already decided to give it full effect.

At their meeting yesterday a motion was unanimously agreed to that power should be obtained to remove all posts obstructing passages and that fire exits to the roofs must be provided where necessary.

## SCHOOL FOR BUDDING CITIZENS.

Manchester has established a novel kind of school called the Plymouth Grove Municipal Day School.

From an interesting article in the "Manchester Guardian" it appears that the pupils are governed by a municipal system, which commences with a mayor, councillors, and a town clerk, and finishes with policemen, most of these officials being chosen by the vote of the children themselves. The object is to teach the children the duties of citizenship.

stead to the Crystal Palace than from King's Cross to Peterborough.

Four years is suggested by the Board of Trade, instead of two, as the shortest time that should elapse before making the proposed change in weights and measures to the metric system.

North Londale Unionists yesterday afternoon decided not to continue their support of Mr. R. F. Cavendish, who voted against the Government. Another candidate will be chosen.

Details of an interesting scheme for a tube railway under the Thames connecting North and South Woodwich were submitted to a Select Committee of the House of Commons yesterday.

Two Grimsby steamers collided on the fishing ground yesterday. One of them, the *Rubico*, sank, and her crew scrambled on to the other—the *Northwold*—which reached port greatly damaged.

## FIRE-MADDENED PILGRIMS.

Gathered together in a shed at Radna, near Arad, to shelter for the night, some 150 pilgrims from South Hungary became terror-stricken by the structure taking fire from a cigar.

They rushed for the door, and finding it fastened, made frantic efforts to escape, seven of them being trampled to death and three burned fatally. The others who forced their way out were badly injured.



THE GRAND DUCHESS OLGA ALEXANDROVNA, the Tsar's sister, is said to be going to Manchuria as superintendent of the Red Cross Society there.

## SUBMARINES IN MIMIC WARFARE SINK FOUR BATTLESHIPS.



The Home Fleet in the Channel under Admiral Wilson, in the important naval manoeuvres now in progress, endeavoured on Tuesday night in a mock naval battle to force an entrance to Portsmouth Harbour, but the defending submarine flotilla under Captain R. H. Bacon, D.S.O., advancing alongside their attendant torpedo boat destroyers, which attracted the attention and drew the fire of the big ships, sank suddenly, and while their consorts steamed away rose by the four battleships and claimed to have blown them out of the water.

## FEMALE FORM DIVINE.

## Leeds "Figure" Competition is Not Intended for Corset-Wrecks.

The "figure competition for the finest man and woman in the British Isles," which is being arranged by the Leeds Society of Physical Culture and Health, promises to be an interesting affair. Two ten-guinea cups are offered for the winners, and it is hoped that there will be a large and representative entry of those who desire to be recognised as "beauties," from the physical culturists' point of view.

The contest is open to everyone between the ages of seventeen and fifty—with the reservation that women competitors must be at least 5ft. high and must 5ft. 4in. There is no limit as to weight, so that substantial beauties will have their chance.

The directions for men are concise—they must send a small entrance fee and a full-length photo, together with specified skin measurements, and when they pose before the judges they must wear bathing-drawers of uniform colour and no shoes.

The directions for women occupy more space. They also must send the small entrance fee, together with a full-length photo, in drapery which admits of a fairly lavish display of their charms of figure. They must also send certain skin measurements, with particulars as to age and weight; and they are asked to state if they wear stays or corsets; or, if not, when and why they discontinued them. "Corset-wrecks," it may be stated, are not expected to get far up in the prize list.

Ladies are required to wear "tights from knees to shoulders, either white, pale pink, or pale yellow, and no shoes." They are also to provide

themselves with about five yards of muslin of the same colour as their tights, for draping purposes; and prior to posing before a mixed audience, where the final judging will take place, all competitors will be examined in private by doctors as to their soundness.

Preliminary contests are to be held at various centres throughout the British Isles—if competitors come forward in sufficient numbers—and the final is to take place at Leeds some time in October.

## SOCIETY'S BAD MANNERS.

## Syphon Fights and Bank Holiday Humour at Dinner.

"East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," sang Kipling, but West End society has taken to borrowing manners from the East End.

Battles between guests armed with soda-water syphons are an invariable after-dinner entertainment at one great house in Mayfair, where the person who merely leans his or her elbows on the tables is looked upon as quite old-fashioned and slow.

The custom of sending gifts to the chef is an every-day affair, and the host who took umbrage if his guests complained of their dinner would soon find his invitations refused.

Nowadays in the West End people bring their own friends with them to any house where they may be lunching or dining without previously asking permission, and think nothing of ordering their host's servants about at table, or asking for things not provided on the menu.

Restaurant dinners are largely responsible for the presence of a very exalted personage indeed to prevent some dinner-parties from degenerating into mere bear-fights.

## WEATHER-COCK-SURE.

## Prophet Who Counts Raindrops and Sunbeams Three Years Ahead.

Again spring prevailed in London yesterday. For many hours the sun shone brightly, and if, as many people complained, the wind had changed from a balmy south to a cold north-easter, it was at least a promise that the barometer will remain high and the weather continue fine for a few days to come.

A representative of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*, seeking some explanation for the sudden change, called upon Mr. Hugh Clements, who predicted with such wonderful accuracy the terrible Indian monsoons of a few seasons ago. Mr. Clements claims that the weather is governed by a natural law, as strong and certain as that of gravitation. "I can tell you," he said, "with absolute certainty what the weather is going to be in any part of the world for three years." He spoke with absolute confidence, and turned, as proof, to the predictions he had made for March: "The weather will be fine from the 8th to the 13th, when it will become unsettled again."

"The reason for the sudden change," he continued, "is due to the separation of the moon and the sun during the past week. To-day they are at the greatest possible distance apart, and consequently the pull on the atmosphere is less, and the barometer has risen. We may expect this fine weather to continue until next Sunday."

"Would you like to know," he asked, "what sort of weather we shall get on Boat Race day? The

barometer will stand at 30.03 degrees, and the weather will be fine, with a northerly wind. Going a little farther, I am afraid at Easter there will be a series of disturbances, but things will improve immediately after the holiday. Thursday before Easter will be fairly fine, with one heavy shower; on Good Friday it will rain, and on Saturday it will be fine again. Sunday will be unsettled, but there will be an improvement on Easter Monday."

## PRECIOUS PARSLEY.

## Dainty Garniture Suffers from the Season.

Parsley is very scarce at the present time, and averages at from 4d. to 6d. per pound, or 3s. 6d. per half sieve of 11lbs. There is, however, no positive famine, although that has been known to happen.

Some time back, parsley could not be obtained for love or money in the Home counties, where the ordinary supply is obtained, and Covent Garden was obliged to import it from Jersey.

The first consignment which was sold at 3s. per half perk of four pounds, the following day went up to 7s. for four pounds, and on one Saturday morning parsley of any description could not be obtained for love or money, in fact there was not a basket of parsley in the whole market.

But a fortnight later bushels were thrown away, as there was an over-supply.

The present scarcity is due to the abnormal wet season, followed by the past two or three nights' frost, which has discoloured the leaf.

Among applications for charitable contributions which came before the Court of Common Council yesterday was one from an individual forty years ago a member of the City Police Force.

TO-DAY.

AMUSEMENTS.

**HAYMARKET.** TO-NIGHT, at 9.  
JOSEPH FANTASIO. By Harry Arthur Jones.  
Preceded, at 8.20, by THE WIDOW WOOL.  
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.

**HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**  
Proprietor and Manager, Mr. TREE.  
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.  
THE DARLING OF THE GODS.  
By David Belasco and John Luther Long.  
By David Belasco and John Luther Long.  
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.  
Box Office (Mr. Watts) open daily 10 to 10.

**IMPERIAL THEATRE, Westminster.**  
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.  
MATINEE TO-MORROW and EVERY SATURDAY, at 3.  
Mr. LEWIS WALLER.  
A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.  
By Sydney Grundy.  
At 8.15 A QUEEN'S MESSENGER.

**ST. JAMES'S.—Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.**  
8.20, in  
OLD HEIDELBERG (21st time).  
LAST 4 NIGHTS.  
LAST MATINEE TO-MORROW (Saturday), at 2.15.  
March 17.—Production of LOVE'S CARNIVAL.

PERSONAL.

WANTED to purchase, volumes of the "Weekly Dispatch," for each year from 1901 to 1919 inclusive, and for the years 1825 and '26, and 1869, '70, and '71.—Address M., "Daily Mail" Office, Carmelite House, E.C.

**LATEST SENSATION!—METAL MOUTSCHE TRAINER.**—The perfect, instantaneous Metal Moutscche Trainer; sample in case (to fit waistcoat pocket), 3d. post free.—The Insuper Perfect Moutscche Trainer (Patented), 11, Queen Victoria-street, London, E.C. Agents and Travellers wanted.

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* are—  
2, CARMELITE-STREET, LONDON, E.C.  
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.  
The West End Offices of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* are—  
45 and 46, NEW-BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.  
TELEPHONE: 1986 Gerrard.  
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflexed," London.  
PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Talbott.

The Daily Illustrated Mirror.

FRIDAY, MARCH 11, 1904.

GUARANTEED DAILY CIRCULATION EXCEEDS 140,000 COPIES.

OUR SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS BRING QUICK RETURNS.  
See Pages 15 and 16.

HOW TO REDUCE RATES.

It is curious how the departure of Mr. Chamberlain took the stuffing out of the fiscal question. The House of Commons still tries to keep up the interest in it, but without great success. The Opposition pretend not to know whether the Government is in favour of protection or not. What everybody but the Opposition can see perfectly clearly is that the Government doesn't much care one way or the other so long as it can hold on to its position and keep the other side out.

If they thought the country was strongly in favour of protection, they would out-Chamberlain even Mr. Chamberlain himself in their denunciations of free trade. If, on the other hand, it were made clear that free trade was the popular policy, they would be equally emphatic in their expressions of Cobdenism. And the tactics of the Opposition are governed by the same kind of motives. This is what the country can see, and that is why these repeated fiscal debates fall so exceedingly flat. They are mere empty talk, and nothing further.

To-day, however, the House of Commons is to discuss a Bill which is of the greatest interest to everyone of us. Do you want your rates reduced—those rates which, every year creep up and up until they threaten to become literally unbearable? Do you want the community and not private owners to reap the harvest of improvements carried out at the community's expense? Do you want to see the Housing Problem solved? All these things might be accomplished if the Bill for Rating Land Values were to be passed, and if the owner of a piece of land were compelled to pay rates as well as the occupiers of the buildings erected upon it.

What happens at present is this. A man inherits a plot of land in a district which is improving. He gets from his tenants, let us say £1,000 a year in rents. They put up factories upon the land, which soon make it the centre of a busy neighbourhood. Naturally the value goes up, and when their leases expire the landlord finds that, without having done anything himself to increase his income, he can get £10,000 in rents instead of £1,000. You may say this is absurdly unfair; anyway,

BRITAIN BEST AT RULING THE WAVES AFTER ALL!



Mr. Pierpont Morgan appears to have had enough of it! His attempt to control Atlantic traffic from the other side is said to have broken down altogether, and the great Shipping Trust will henceforward be controlled by Britons.

and that the only remedy lies in making the State the universal landlord. But surely it would be some advantage if this landlord had to pay a rate of at least 1d. in the pound to the local authority instead of paying nothing at all, which is his fortunate lot at present. We want badly to find a fresh source of money for public purposes. Here is one which can be tapped without any injustice. In fact, it is flagrantly unjust to the present payers of rates that it should not have been tapped long ago. But will the House of Commons let the Bill go through? Last year a similar measure was lost by thirteen votes only. All who desire a fairer distribution of the heavy burdens of taxation must hope that to-morrow we shall be able to chronicle victory instead of defeat.

BREAKFAST TABLE TALK.

Students at St. Petersburg University are now only admitted to the building on production of a good conduct certificate. They complain, however, of feeling excessively lonely.

An Athens telegram says that, according to the "Asty," the German Emperor will call at that city to see his sister, the Crown Princess. The "Asty" is sometimes a little previous with its news, but it should be a good authority on the intentions of the Kaiser.

Professor Ray Lankester, of the Natural History Museum, appeals for good specimens of Dorking and Polish fowls, salmon, char, and other members of the animal kingdom for stuffing purposes. It seems that the public

has been shy of responding, but perhaps it was suspected that the professor was going to give a dinner-party. The term stuffing is, after all, a bit ambiguous.

The Tsar, on behalf of himself and his successors, has solemnly renounced his claims to the Duchy of Oldenburg. It is pleasing to see Russia giving up something by way of a change, even if it be only a very shadowy claim on somebody else's property.

Judge Parry's decision that a laundry is liable for damages for marking customers' linen in ink is rather a hard one. The grievance, as far as the customer is concerned, is very trifling, as the part marked is pretty sure to get torn off the next time it goes to the wash.

A horse thief who was tried at Clerkenwell, was stated to have spotted the stolen animals in order to disguise them. It was all of no use, however, for the animals were subsequently spotted by their owners, and the ingenious artist has now retired to "a spot that's always barred."

In the course of his speech on correct speech Mr. Beerbohm Tree remarked that Shakespeare easily stood first among our masters of literature. That such views should be held by a manager who has had the privilege of producing a play by Mr. Hall Caine is extremely depressing.

The French Academy of Medicine has been recommending that all barracks in tropical climates should be rendered mosquito proof by wire gauze blinds, etc. Under the new regime the men who have been "confined to

barracks" will easily be recognised by the beauty of their complexions, while those whose good conduct marks run into three figures will be known by their swollen and dissipated-looking features.

One of those terrible causes célèbres which split society to the foundations is announced for the end of May. These marvellously interesting cases, though, have a way of keeping outside the cool judicial atmosphere of the Law Courts. It would have been better to announce this latest sensation for the beginning—the very beginning—of April.

Umar Khan, of Cabul, a short time ago beheaded the superintendent of the royal stables for refusing to send him a horse. The Ameer was annoyed at this, and now Umar Khan has died suddenly, with the assistance of the Court executioner. These painful incidents will, it is hoped, tend to the wider use of the motor-car in Afghanistan.

The appeal of a Sheffield clergyman for a red velvet cushion for his pulpit is sure to meet with success. Such an article of church furniture not only, as the clergyman points out, prevents the preacher from hurting his hand when emphasising a point, but it deadens the sound of the blow which might otherwise disturb the slumbers of the congregation.

The convicts of an Italian military prison having mutinied, they were locked in their cells and starved for forty-eight hours. At the end of that time they submitted, fortunately, it would seem, for themselves, as the authorities were "about to adopt severe measures." It is pleasing to think that, as it was, everything was done by kindness.

# THE GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF "THE DAILY ILLUSTRATED MIRROR"

## POPULAR PLAYER DEAD.



Mr. Robert Taber, the American actor, has just died of tuberculosis in America. He played for some time in this country, and appeared as Macduff in Mr. Forbes Robertson's production of "Macbeth." He married the famous American actress Miss Julia Marlowe, but she recently secured a legal separation from him. *(Carwell Smith. Photo)*

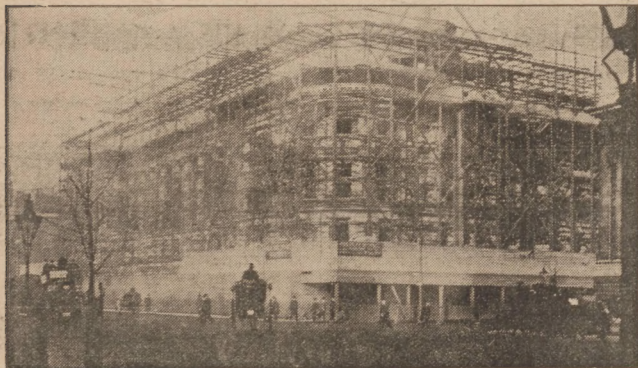
## ASPHYXIATED CONGREGATION.

Whilst a service was being held at a church in Finkenwerde, on the Elbe, a number of persons became unconscious. Medical men summoned failed to revive them, and they were carried to hospital. Entering the church one of the doctors discovered poisonous fumes issuing from a defective stove, and promptly ordered the building to be

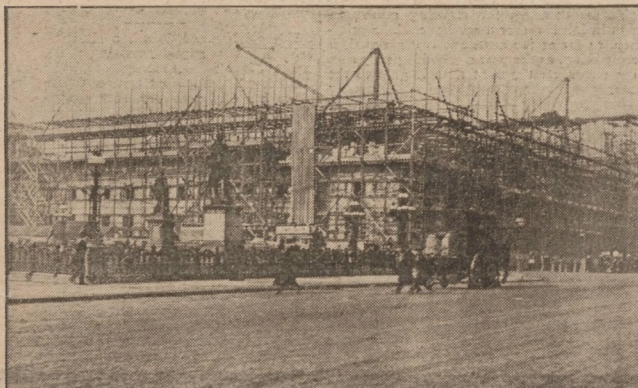
closed. Several persons seated in their places were found unconscious, and it is feared (our Berlin correspondent says) that more than one case may have a fatal termination.

Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum is estimated for the coming financial year to cost the country £35,701.

## FINE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS.



The members of the staff of the War Office will soon be at work on their reforms in this stately structure, which is in the course of erection in Whitehall.



This magnificent building is also springing up apace, and will add dignity to the fine stretch of national offices that extend from the Abbey to the Horse Guards.

## SWEET ENGLISH SINGER TO GO ABROAD.



Miss Louise Raymond, the wife of Mr. Raymond Rose, the composer of "The Love Birds," has had an offer to sing at Brussels in grand opera. *(Lullie Charles. Photo)*

## HIS MAJESTY'S NEW MOTOR CAR.



When he was last on the Continent the King ordered a powerful Mercedes car, which has just been delivered at Buckingham Palace. The new car has a capacity of sixty-five miles an hour, but has fewer seats than the old one and no side protectors.

## SHE DANCES DELIGHTFULLY.



Miss Nelly Loomis is giving an artistic and original "cake-walk" with two piccaninies at the Oxford. The manager, Mr. Albert Gilmer, "discovered" her. *(Ellis & Watery. Photo)*

## FIRE

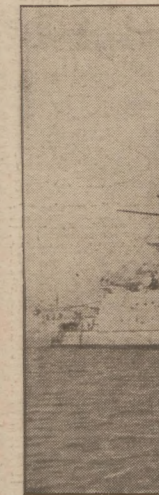


This novel fire-escape, which pipe, has been invented by a Frenchman.

## RUSSIA



The Gromobol, a cruiser She is in the first class.



The Peresviet, another captured, or destroyed.

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ROAD.



he Love Birds," has  
Lullie Charles.

R.

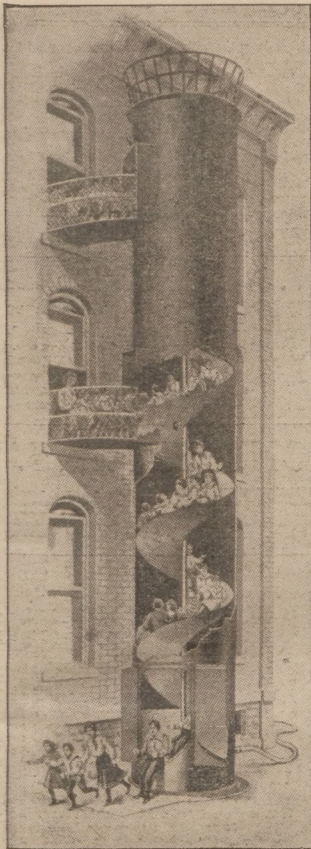


car, which has just  
y-five miles an hour.



o piccaninies at the  
ier. Ellis & Watery.

FIRE!



This novel fire-escape, which looks like a long drain pipe, has been invented by a German, and is in use abroad.

SOLDIERS OF THE KAISER TRAINING FOR WAR.



A device of pneumatic rafts used at the recent German army manoeuvres for crossing rivers. No doubt General Kuropatkin wishes Lake Baikal could be as easily negotiated.

## "HIGH JINKS."

Beauty and Humour Combine  
With Brilliant Success in the  
New Empire Ballet.

More fun but not less fancy is the way of the ballet at the Empire. There may have been some ballets more serious and pompous, and even splendid, than "High Jinks," but certainly none that have combined real jollity and real prettiness so perfectly. There is not a dreary moment. Lively as it is, too, the new ballet is really a good deal

hearer to being an intelligent consecutive play than some musical comedies are. It introduces us first to an English country house—where what Mr. Huntley Wright describes as "the fox-chase"—provides the ever adorable Mile. Genée with an opportunity for honouring hunting-costume with a dance in her own inexpressibly graceful manner. After the "fox-chase" there are amateur theatricals, which is, indeed, true

choly end of Marguerite is pardonably exchanged for the delights of the Elysian Tea-Gardens, where the ballet concludes with a spectacle of ravishing beauty.

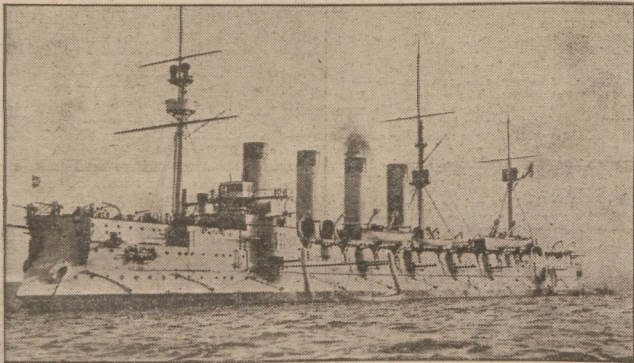
Besides the marvellous colour combinations designed by Mr. Wilhelm, the bright and popular music of Mr. Wenzel, and the imitable dancing of Mile. Genée, who can make even a cake-walk poetical, a word is to be said for an extremely

## CARRYING COOLIES TO WORK.



A train-load of Chinese coolies travelling to their work on the Trans-Siberian Railway. These "yellow" labourers, who are of the same type as those it is proposed to introduce into South Africa, are satisfied with very small wages, and will do any work they are put to.

## RUSSIAN SHIPS THE JAPS ARE SEEKING.



The Gromohol, a cruiser of the Vladivostok squadron, whose fate and whereabouts are at present a mystery. She is in the first class, with a speed of 20 knots, a tonnage of 12,000, and carries four 8in. and sixteen 6in. guns.



The Peresviet, another of the Vladivostok squadron, which has been variously reported as intercepted, captured, or destroyed. She is a cruiser of 12,000 tons, has a speed of 19 knots, and carries four 10in. and ten 6in. guns.

to prevailing customs in the "stately homes of England." An inner curtain rises, accordingly, upon a mimic stage, where a lovely view of Nuremberg and melodies from Gounod's opera suggest a performance of "Faust." The jovial villagers of the marketplace, however, unbound by historical accuracy, are content to rejoice to the, at present, wildly popular tune of "Sammy," and the melan-

amusing performance on the part of Mr. Rogerson as a sleepy page.

A portrait of Mile. Genée in character will be found on page 1.

Board of Trade returns show that emigration from England is on the increase. Last year the total was 261,365, an advance of 56,303.

# AT A MAN'S MERCY. By META SIMMINS.

Author of "The Bishop's Wife," &c.

"Love's rosy bonds to iron shackles turned  
Are worse than red-eyed hate."

## PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

CYNTHIA GRAHAM: Just a pretty, lovely, English girl.  
ARTHUR STANTON: A young man in love with Cynthia Graham.  
FAMIAN GRESHOLD: The millionaire lover of Cynthia.  
SIR GEORGE GRAHAM: Father of Cynthia and Pauline Woodruffe.  
PAULINE WOODRUFFE: The beautiful wife of John Woodruffe. She fears her husband owing to her secret marriage with Miles Farniole.  
JOHN WOODRUFFE: Husband of Pauline. A man who loves his wife because she is beautiful.  
OSWALD DRUMMOND: A very rich connoisseur of precious stones. Cynthia's uncle, who has been mysteriously murdered.  
MILES FARNIOLE: A scoundrel who has gone through a mock marriage with Pauline years ago.  
INSPECTOR WRIGHT: Detective interested in the Drummond murder case.

## CHAPTER XVII. (continued.)

Cynthia stared at him. A faintness assailed her, but she beat it back, and rising, laid her hand on a little gong which hung near her.

"Please leave me," she said, with a really superb courage. "I have permitted this interview to last too long already."

He cast a swift glance to the shadow of a clump of palms before he spoke.

"I must crave your indulgence longer," he said apologetically. "I have still much to say—and hear," he added significantly.

"I have nothing to say," she retorted, a little wildly, "and I desire to hear nothing. Any communications you may have to make please address to Sir George—or to Mr. Woodruffe."

He raised his thick eyebrows. "To Mr. Woodruffe?" he repeated, with a certain insolent intonation in his voice. "Are you quite in earnest, Miss Graham—and Sir George—unless really unavoidable, do you wish him to know the name you cried?"

"Oh, this is utterly intolerable!" she cried, and seized the stick of the gong with trembling fingers. "I would rather believe that you were mad than insolent, Mr. Wright."

Her trembling tones conveyed a delicate appreciation of past civility and zeal.

"No, far from mad," he answered. "No, it would be foolish to ring that bell; yes, or to try and leave the room. If you do, believe me, I speak what I know, and every man and woman in the house shall hear of it."

She laughed, a light, artificial laugh, that nearly deceived the man. He looked closely at her, and beyond to that dense shadow where, was it fancy?—he saw a longer shadow than the palms move ever so faintly.

"And what is that?" she asked. "If you are foolish—indiscreet enough—you will be the only sufferer. Don't think me unkind, but really—is it to be wondered at that the force hardly thought it wise to—"

She broke off abruptly, and glanced at him with eyes full of malicious eloquence.

Wright smiled slowly. "The words would come better from your lips," he said. "Come—at last, Miss Graham, tell me the truth of what you saw that night in the library."

Her blood ran cold. She looked at the man's smooth face, and the keenest fear that stirs a human heart stirred at hers. She felt herself as one sucked in by a whirlwind of suspicion. How much did this soft-voiced man know? He hinted a hundred horrors, threw out octopus-like tentacles touching on Farniole and Pauline—on herself—on Arthur—on someone unknown.

Love is stronger than fear; she forgot all save her love, and essayed to fight again.

"Undoubtedly you are mad," she said coldly; "much brooding on the case has affected you." She strove to rise, to make a haughty gesture of dismissal. Without speaking he pointed to a chair, and she sank back again—comered.

The man watching with the eyes of a bird of prey, and a softness at his heart for which he despised himself, saw how fiercely she set her lips that their trembling might be stilled.

She looked at him desperately; his round eyes, lately so innocent, seemed to pierce her through and through. In spite of herself she put the question, "What do you know?" and realised with the sound of her voice how grave a mistake the question was.

He shook his head.

"That is not the point. What I wish to hear from you is, exactly what you know of—Mr. Arthur Stanton."

"Of Arthur Stanton? I fail to understand you." "Surely the meaning is obvious. What do you know of this gentleman?"

There was no longer any question between them of concluding the conversation. She was trapped and she knew it, but knew further that on her coolness her lover's safety and honour depended.

"Mr. Stanton is a friend of mine and of my family."

"Ah!" The silence which followed the detective's exclamation was broken suddenly by the hoarse cry of a parakeet, waked to belief in a new day by this continuous sound of voices.

"Still a friend?"

"Still a dear friend."

"Despite the happenings of February?"

"Mr. Wright!" This time she touched the gong, even rang a tremulous summons upon it, but

she knew, and the man watching her also, that its ineffectual voice would reach no friendly ear.

Wright unbent his coat with fingers which trembled violently.

"Miss Graham," he said, "believe me, I desire to be your friend—to save you"—he kept back her angry outburst with a gesture. "You think it presumption in me to speak of friendship. Remember the mouse and the lion—" he smiled grimly, reminding the shrinking girl irresistibly of the mouse indeed—the mouse and the cat.

"When I have need of your friendship I shall claim it," she said with icy scorn, but the world was whirling round her, and she was cold, cold with fear. To her terrified imagination the blue eyes resting on her own were like spring water under a thin layer of ice. They froze her.

He glanced at the clump of palms. The shadow was gone; evidently the eavesdropper's nerves were not equal longer to the torture chamber. Still he lowered his voice perceptibly. "I have a letter here," he said, tapping the communication he had received that night, "which leads me to believe that in Mr. Arthur Stanton lies the key to the mystery. To such evidence as this," he added, "as a rule I pay little heed. But it has been an ever-present and interesting wonder to me why, when you fell fainting across your uncle's body, you cried the name 'Arthur.' You will understand the obvious inference?"

"Ah—h—" Her courage was well-nigh gone, she put out beseeching hands to the man before her, as the cry rang through the conservatory. It was echoed by a wakened bird, in a shrill shriek.

"He has nothing to do with it, nothing," she cried, hoarsely. "It was a mistake—he was not there—"

"She broke off with a harsh laugh, swayed for a moment, and fell forward with outstretched arms."

The detective caught her, laying her tenderly upon the marble floor. What did one do when women fainted? He hadn't the least idea. He ran into the drawing-room and rang the bell violently.

"So far, so good," he said, with a grim smile. "We know so much. Arthur Stanton was also present in Berkeley-square on the night of the murder. The number grows."

He bent, bathing her upturned face with water from the marble basin. "Poor thing!—yet it was the only way to get the truth. The next action is obvious, but how the dence can I find out the nature of the connection between Mrs. Woodruffe and the man in prison. She didn't listen long," he added to himself, with unpleasant emphasis.

\*\*\*\*\*  
CHAPTER XVIII. A Scrap of Paper.  
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For the first time since their marriage John Woodruffe's presence irritated his wife.

His restlessness and cheerful chatter jarred on her raw nerves with positive pain. She fumed uneasily on her couch, burying her face in the soft, amber cushions.

"John, do draw the blind a little," she entreated, "the glare is terrible."

He got up from his seat by the fire obediently. "My dear, the light is good for you," he said, "I can't understand you, the room is half dark already."

"My head aches."

"I'm so sorry!" He drew the blind halfway down, and came across the room to her through the semi-darkness. "Let me bathe the poor head," he said, penitently, and ran cool, firm fingers up and down her hot hair. "What's the matter, eh? I can't bear you to be ill. Headaches or heartaches—those are possessions I emphatically forbid you."

"It's not a matter of choice," she assured him, with muffled irritation, from the depths of the cushions.

"It's all this confounded Farniole scandal, of course," he said, reflectively, and sat down again, his eyes fixed on the heart of the flames. "It's hard to believe the man guilty—after all he is a gentleman—but, really, I can't help it, Pauline, I hate the fellow. He's so slimy."

Pauline sat up suddenly.

"You hate him?" she echoed. "Have you seen him, then, John?"

"Why, yes," he answered, carelessly. "I went yesterday with your father. I fancy Sir George doesn't care much for him either—a shifty fellow, and insolent too, Pauline, upon my word."

She stared at him with wide, laggard eyes. Even in the firelight the man noticed with troubled concern how ill she looked, pinched and infinitely older.

"Oh, John. I wish you had not gone," she cried, with a shiver.

"Why on earth not, my dear?" he retorted.

"It was the merest commonplace. For my own sake as well as yours I am naturally anxious to do what I can to help him. He's got sharp lawyers working for him—sharp and shady. I'm afraid there's no great credit likely to be reaped from the whole thing."

She gave a little gasp and slipped from the couch.

"He was not insolent to you?" she asked, and nestled against the man.

"You are cold." He could feel the long-drawn thrill which shook her, and put his arm protectively round her, drawing her near to him. "Come, let me make a nest for you in this great chair."

She submitted like a child to his ministrations, looking up into his face gratefully as he placed

the cushions restfully behind her. "He was not insolent to you?" she repeated, catching hold of his hand.

"No, no—now don't talk of it any more. I was a tactless fool to mention the matter at all. Where's Cynthia? By Jove, Pauline, the little girl's looking ill, if you like."

Pauline set her teeth; it seemed as though her husband of malice prepense had happened upon every subject most likely to rack her already twittering nerves.

"She worries," she said in a low voice.

"Worries, I should think she did. If it had been her lover instead of her uncle she couldn't have grieved more. You all worry. Your father is the worst wreck of all. I've known Pauline—in spite of himself he returned to the subject—" that man Farniole's attitude towards your father surprised me, but Sir George's attitude towards him was amazing—he positively cringed to him. Do you think it possible that he knows something more of this man than we suspect?"

"Isn't the suggestion a little ungenerous?" she faltered. "You are never quite fair to my father—the honour of his name is dear to him as yours to you."

"My dear—it was the merest fleeting feather of a thought," he cried, with swift compunction. It was the man's manner that impressed me. I forgot that the villains fall naturally into two categories—Montague and Capulet. The truth is, the whole thing is so unsavoury, so difficult to understand, that, do my best, I can't get the thought of it out of my mind."

"Nor I, but oh, for pity's sake, John, talk no more of it. I can't bear it; I can't bear it, indeed."

She turned away pettishly from his proffered caress, and he wisely enough left her to herself, realising that his choice of conversation had been far from happy. But John Woodruffe was a man, who—though in all matters connected with his work or art was steady and inflexible, utterly dependable—in conversation, in all upon which no definite issue hung, was utterly and entirely irresponsible.

He took a few aimless steps up and down the room, glancing back at his wife, and though expecting her to make some conciliatory remark, but she lay back with closed eyes, the pale outline of her beautiful face sharply defined against the vivid amber of the cushion. He felt a little ill at ease, illogically and ridiculously so, he said to himself, yet Pauline had been unlike herself that afternoon, usually the sweetest tempered and most equable of women, she had been irritable and uncertain, now, as a crown to her caprice, she had refused his tacit acknowledgment of elusiveness.

"My dear, I hope you won't think any more of my foolish remark about your father," he began. "The truth is, I don't seem to understand him; we don't seem to have the same ideas."

"For heaven's sake," John cried, Pauline, "have you no other topic of conversation to-day, beyond my father and my undoubtedly interesting and reputable relatives?"

"Peccavi, not another word," he said. "Just give me a kiss to seal the peace."

She offered her cheek to him and he touched it with his lips.

Perhaps he ought to have gone, yet he still lingered, hovering about the room, hoping for some word of warmer feeling. The woman, for all her closed eyes, was acutely conscious of his every movement, and his presence so irritated her in that way of bitter anxiety, distress that she came near hating him. Good man and woman little know how often their very qualities of heart lead them to stir up hatred in the breasts of those they most would serve.

He paused at the little writing-table, and toyed with the papers and trinkets there. The crinkling of paper was more to Pauline could stand.

"How intolerably restless you are," she said.

He sat down suddenly on the chair by the table like a naughty child discovered in a forbidden act.

"It seems as though I could do nothing right to-day, Pauline," he said, quizzically.

She made no answer, but clenched her little hands together tightly. What a brute she was to be so irritable! After all, he meant no harm.

But to Woodruffe inaction was impossible; he turned the pages of her blotter skillfully, as though they were the pages of some precious pictured book, and coming upon a sheet there burst out irrespressibly. "My goodness, Pauline, what weird writing—what forgery have you been practising?"

With a startled, almost wolfish, cry the woman started to her feet. "What are you doing—neeping and prying?" she cried, and reaching him with a feline stride, she grasped him by the shoulder.

"Prying?" he asked, turning a startled face to her.

She gasped a word back in her throat with difficulty, gazing the fatality of her emotion in his surprise.

"Oh, John, you have been so trying to-day," she said, and stole an arm round his neck. "You can't imagine what I thought you had found."

What—what is that fearful bit of paper?"

He held it up, and she still would not look at it. Her eyes fastened on it with a dull, terrified stare. What a fool she was—it was perfectly true she hadn't the wit to be bad, for the thing he had happened on was a sheet of paper on which she had been practising the anonymous letter she had sent the detective. (Thank heaven the words were not incriminating.) "If you would like to know, if you would deign to know," that was what she had written again and again.

She snatched it from him. "Really, that wretched Manette is past endurance," she said, with a metallic ring in her voice. "This is the first time I have found her making use of my stationery."

She made as though to crumple the sheet in her hand, then laid it down again.

"I should certainly reprimand her," he said, very quietly. "Reprimand her severely. Such liberties have led to strange abuses."

Then, to the infinite relief of both, the dressing-gong sounded through the house.

Pauline's toilet was a matter of difficulty; indeed, but for the very efficient services of the maid Margaret, it would never have been accomplished.

When at length, with shaking limbs, and a heart beating with fluttering, intermittent loneliness, she

crawled down the wide staircase, as she paused for breath upon the half-landing, she was surprised and infinitely annoyed to hear her father's voice in the hall. She would have gone back had retreat been possible, but the rustle of her gown had betrayed her, and her father called to her excitedly from the foot of the stairs and came half way to meet her.

"Upon my word, Pauline," he cried, without any preliminary, "I think the world's going mad. What do you think is the latest spoke in the wheel of mystery? They've arrested poor old Dr. Stanton's son, Arthur, on the charge of your uncle's murder."

To be continued to-morrow.

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A lady residing in Manchester used the remedy as she said above, and in her own words, she writes: "I will quite likely interest all women deeply. My husband, who was a drunkard, was cured by this remedy. He was a good man when sober, but for years I lived in fear and dread, shame and despair, owing to his drinking. He has been cured, and I am now a happy wife and mother. I tell other women about it. It is not a wonderful thing to cure a drunkard, but it is a wonderful thing to cure a drunkard who has been a drunkard for years. I am going to publish my experience, for then I know it will reach hundreds of other poor souls, and they will cure their husbands just as I cured mine. I am so grateful for the remedy, and I am so happy, that I am sending you a copy of this letter. I feel that I ought to let every wife and mother know what a blessing Antidote is. I am so happy to believe it will cure any drunkard, no matter how far gone he may have fallen. Faithfully yours, Mrs. J. H. H. (Full address sent to board of applicants). Hundreds of others are reported, even the worst cases, where the habit has been so long and so deep, that they have been cured. Tears and prayers are of no use. Pleading, pinning, and all sorts of business positions are unavailing to stem the tide of absolute depravity. This famous remedy has re-united thousands of scattered families; it has saved thousands of men from ruin and business prominence and public respect; has guided many a young man into a right and to fortune; has saved the father, the brother, the son, and in many cases the wife and daughter too. Such a godsend to the home should be known to every woman. Upon application to the W. J. Harris & Co. Ltd., 127, Coventry House, Rye, Sussex, you will post a free trial package of the remedy to you, securely sealed in a plain wrapper; also full directions how to use it, books, testimonials from friends who have been cured, and everything needed to aid you in saving those near and dear to you from a life of degradation and ultimate poverty and despair. Send for a free trial to-day. It will lighten the rest of your life."



THE FAVOURITE FOODS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE.

"Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed?" With the words of Shakespeare echoing in his ears, our Special Commissioner yesterday continued his

plain roast-beef. Saddle of mutton is Mr. Rufus Isaacs's favourite; Mr. Lawson Walton, prefers fillet of beef "Richelieu." The Attorney-General's order is often "Pauillac." Mr. Lewis Waller likes "Navarin de mouton"; Admiral Fremantle, grilled chicken; Sir Fleetwood Edwards, lamb cutlets; and General B.P., clear turtle soup. Lord Kitchener's tastes are milder than his reputation. A savoury omelette is his greatest extravagance. The Duke of Cambridge's favourites are "Sole Florentine" and asparagus. Mr. Gerald Balfour

"Special Commissioners" of the American Press, constitute the principal diet of Mr. Rockefeller. The Marquis of Lansdowne, our representative was told, is fond of soft herring-roses on toast; Lord James of Caviare; Sir Henry Fowler of Whitstable oysters; and Mr. Akers-Douglas of "chicken spatchcock." Lord Curzon of Kedleston, in his London days, ate "macaroni au gratin." The forensic brain of Sir Edward Carson is nourished with "poulard à la Derby" (chicken served with rice, truffles, and foie gras. Mr. Chamberlain prepares for the fray on roast partridge from the John Bull store. Lord George Hamilton's tastes turn towards roast quail. Lord Balfour of Burleigh, as a good Scot, eats grouse, the gamebird of his native heath. The Earl of Selborne loves clear turtle soup; and his love will not be despised, for the biggest shipment of turtle received for months past—120 in number—arrived a short time ago at Waterloo Station from the West Indies. Passengers on No. 4 platform witnessed with watering mouths the preparatory stages of Lord Selborne's dinners. "Filet de sole Maranère"—it rings like a trumpet sound—used to inspire the martial dreams of the Right Hon. St. John Brodick, once the terror of the world, now perhaps of India. Thick oxtail precedes it. Mr. Balfour is simple in his tastes. Boiled salmon, with hollandaise sauce, followed by fair-trade saddle of mutton (does Mr. Seddon send it?), are the foundations of his beliefs. Mr. Walter Long likes fillet de sole, smoked haddock on toast, and "Pêches Melba"; but Viscount Ridley wants nothing better than an unpretentious Welsh rarebit. Clear consommé,



LORD GEORGE HAMILTON asks the waiter for roast quail.

THESE THREE FAMOUS MEN HAVE EPICUREAN APPETITES.



The King of Provision Merchants likes game for dinner, and the Leader of the House of Commons confesses to a weakness for our finest fish. The late Secretary for Scotland's taste is also for "bird."

investigations at the seats of the mighty; that is to say, the fashionable restaurants of the West End. He found that edibles were outside the domain of generalisation. Tastes vary with temperaments; savouries are governed by no rules of philosophy; and entrées are beyond classification. Moreover, the domestic tastes of our great men may differ from those they display in public. In many cases, exact information was resolutely refused; and opinions expressed by the heroes on dinner committees were the sole source of information. With this limitation, the facts collected by our representative are absolutely correct. He was informed that Sir Frederick Treves is fond of lobster soup, and Sir Francis Laking of

is fond of roast-snipe, and Sir Thomas Lipton of woodcock. Cauliflower is the pet vegetable of Sir William Broadbent, sole his favourite fish. Dr. W. G. Grace made many a century on saddle of mutton and plain milk puddings, and "C. B." (the cricketer, not the political, "C. B.") eats yeal cutlets and tomatoes. Cricket is distinguished in its tastes by the simplicity of Cincinnati, but Tod Sloan, the jockey, soars to "Homard Bordelaise" (that is, lobster cooked with brandy and tomatoes). Plain living evidently goes with the high-thinking of his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, who "prefers very simple food, such as chops and steaks." But that is nothing compared with the "dry biscuit and milk" which, according to the

"salmon in season" (he will not have it tinned), and sole are the favourite dishes of Sir Michael Hicks Beach.

NEW "USE OF THE GLOBES."

Pocket World-Maps That Can Be Inflated Like Tyres.

The Geographical Society, recognising the imperfections of the present system of teaching geography, have advocated a more general use of globes. The average boy or girl cannot form any idea of the shape or form of the earth from a flat map; and the teachers find a difficulty in giving clear explanations. The School Board for London has given an order for 500 globes to be distributed throughout their schools, and the value of globes has also been recognised by explorers, who have equipped themselves with a number of portable globes made of rubber and skin; which can be inflated when required for use, in preference to maps. Many new inventions in portable geographical globes have recently come to light, notably the umbrella globe, which folds into a very small space when not in use.

INTOXICATED AT THE ALTAR.

Six quarts of wine and twenty bottles of beer was the daily consumption of a woman in Geneva, who has killed her husband in a drunken fury. Mme. Bayer, who has a child eighteen months old, and is at present in prison awaiting trial, has a remarkable history. She gave way to drink at an early age, and was intoxicated at the marriage ceremony. Possessing a dowry of £3,000 and being a beautiful woman she had many suitors. All her husband's attempts to prevent her drinking ended in quarrels and threats to leave him, and within three years Mme. Bayer has spent her dowry chiefly in drink.

ACTOR PREFERS A FRENCH DISH.



The "Comte de Candale" chooses "Navarin de Mouton" (Irish Stew).

DUKE EATS LIKE ANY COMMONER.



The Inspector-General of the Forces calls for an honest steak.

# A PAGE OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO WOMEN.

## EASTER MILLINERY.

### BECOMING HEAD-GEAR FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

It is not at all too early to take into serious consideration the subject of Easter millinery, nor do the beautiful displays in the London shops deter those who gaze upon them from coming to a conclusion concerning their purchases.

#### The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring.

Flower hats are always among the first spring novelties, and already the milliners' windows are blossoming with floral toques that are excellent investments for this time of the year. The ever-popular violets, geraniums, primroses, forget-me-nots, all the familiar small flowers, in fact, and some newer ones like primula are represented in hats of this type, and shaded effects are the proper choice in this as well as in so many other types of millinery.

The lovely model illustrated below is a floral hat of a new and most becoming type, for in this case the blossoms are disposed upon the brim among their own pretty leaves, mingled with green tulle. A diversity of choice is afforded, for the same model (it costs one guinea exactly) is carried out in pink roses and tulle, and very charming it looks.

#### Fascinating and Fashionable.

Miss Ruth Rae, 48, South Molton-street, Grosvenor-square, London, W., is the maker of this hat and the other one illustrated, as well as of very many other fascinating and fashionable models. Biscuit-coloured straw is used for the second specimen of her art, the pattern of which resembles and is called rosebud, because the little rosettes that appear in the wearing are of that form, and the model is trimmed in the most novel manner with green gauze straw as flexible as ribbon, and white taffetas.

Among Miss Rae's triumphs may be mentioned a guinea motoring toque, in any colour of straw that may be asked for, built with a flexible double brim, to the lower one of which the veil is appended. The result is charming, for the veil screens the face most excellently, and lies beneath the chin in a thoroughly picturesque manner while the wearer is driving, and can be thrown

back with an equally satisfactory result when she wants to revive exhausted nature at lunch or tea.

The tricorne toque is to retain its vogue, but the original three-pointed conventional model has lapsed from its primness and taken on new angles. It is higher at one side than the other, is lifted slightly from the hair at one point, is dented in here and there to accommodate a clasp or cockade.

This irregularity of outline promises to be a pronounced feature of the summer modes, and admits of a wide variety. In the large hats, of course, the idea can be developed more satisfactorily than in the toques, and the picture-hats of the season promise a diversity that should make it possible for every woman to choose a becoming toque.

#### New Hat Models.

The boat-shape turban is as popular as the tricorne, and is the model most often chosen for the small flower hat. Occasionally the whole hat is white, save for a deep border of dark colour on the edge of the brim, and such a combination is secured by the mingling of brown and white, which promises to be a popular one for both spring frocks and hats. Seen the other day in the Park was a hat with a crown of fine white straw, and a brim, rolling very high and close at the sides, of a warm chestnut-brown straw. A very fine line of gold edged the brim, and the only trimming was a flat rosette of narrow velvet-frills, alternating with gathered frills of dull gold gauze, with a closely-gathered centre of the gauze. Carried out in blue and white, this model would be very charming.

Though fancy straws are legion, the rather severe fine straw called chip now finds much favour, probably because it is easily shaped and bent. The latest picture hat is so bent up at the sides that it closely resembles a boat-shaped toque. Canary-yellow is a remarkably successful millinery straw colour at this moment.



An exceedingly becoming toque, made of Neapolitan violets and spring green tulle.

## THE CARE OF LINEN.

### PRACTICAL HINTS FOR THE YOUNG HOUSEWIFE.

Modern housekeepers are often reproached with taking less pride in their linen than their mothers and grandmothers did before them, and perhaps there is some justice in the reproach; but, surely, at no former time was linen so beautiful, so dainty, and so fascinating as it is at present. There seems to be no end to the beautiful designs in sheets, pillows, tablecloths, and dinner napery, and the hundred and one trifles which have grown up round the afternoon tea-table, each more dainty than the last. The great difficulty in this country

towels should be arranged in dozens, and the mats in sets, all carefully labelled. A little sachet of lavender placed between each pair of sheets, and in each bundle of towels makes the cupboard fragrant and takes away the smell of the laundry. Tray-cloths, sideboard cloths, doyleys, and so forth are always tied up in dozens and labelled in well-regulated houses; the tablecloths and tray-cloths appear in their sets, and a list of the contents of the cupboard should be carefully made out and fixed on the cupboard door. Often windows are glazed, so that the dainty heaps of snowy linen can be seen from the outside. The linen that comes home from the wash should invariably be put at the bottom of the



One of the new straws is called rosebud, and in biscuit colour, it is the kind of which the above smart model is made, in company with green gauze straw and white taffetas.

is to have those dainty trifles properly washed and got up, and where it is at all possible they are best done at home.

All lovers of pretty and dainty linen will agree that it is necessary to have a good linen cupboard, warm and dry, with shelves, not solid, but in slats, to let in air round the linen. Now this is not always to be found in a London house, and flats especially are lacking in this respect. A carpenter will, however, make a moveable cupboard, of which the shelves should be wide enough to hold at least a double row of ordinary-sized sheets. A recess in some wall may be fitted up as a linen cupboard, but it is wise to see that the cupboard has a back, is movable, and is air-tight, to keep out the dust as much as possible.

It is well not to have too much linen in use at the same time. A careful housekeeper will reckon the quantity necessary for her household, and have the surplus washed, "rough dried," and packed away. If there is too much linen in use it becomes yellow in the cupboard, and never looks fresh. One should reckon three pairs of sheets for each bed in use, double that number of bolster and pillow-slips, one dozen towels per bedroom, and three bath sheets per person. It is not easy to lay down any rule about this, because so much depends upon the habits and tidiness of the household, but it is also well not to have too much of it in use. Each tablecloth should have its napkins to match, tied up in dozens and labelled; and it will simplify matters a great deal if there is only one pattern of tablecloth and napkins in the house.

The sheets should be tied in pairs, and the pillow-slips to match in pairs beside them. The

pile, to ensure every article being used in rotation; and all mending should be done carefully before the linen is sent out to the wash. The smallest hole should not be neglected. The mending cotton for fine linen is the "country reaper," which is sold in balls, and can be obtained in most large drapers' shops. One of this cotton is the best for fine linen, and more for coarser articles.

#### Why Fringo Should Be Avoided.

When buying linen the young housekeeper should avoid fringe as much as possible. It is difficult to get it properly washed, and nothing looks more untidy than a ragged fringe.

The nicest marking for linen is, of course, embroidered monogram, but that is not within the reach of all. Neat woven names or monograms come next, and a small ink-mark last of all. Woven monograms look exceedingly nice if the letters are round or oval, and applied to the linen with a feather-stitchery. They can be obtained in all colours. A dainty person will find various ways of beautifying her linen cupboard. Some prefer to line the shelves with American cloth in their favourite colour, pink, blue, or green, bound with white, instead of paper, and have the ribbons tie the linen and the sachets to match.

This has the advantage of being easily cleaned with a sponge, and avoids the continual refitting of paper to the shelves. In towns, where the air with dust is more or less incessant—and even the closest cupboard does not quite exclude it—a good plan is to have thin muslin sheets laid lightly over the linen. A linen cupboard so arranged looks very dainty.

Arundel for another ten days only, as they are anxious to spend Easter in Rome.

Lady Newton has issued invitations for a dance in Belgrave-square on Monday. This is the honour of the debut of her daughter.

#### A Bohemian in Town.

Count and Countess Lützow, who will, as usual, be in Deansy-street for the season, are on their way to England, stopping just now in Prague.

Countess Lützow is one of the many foreigners who prefer the London season to any amount of gaiety abroad, and she is one of the most successful hostesses. At her parties there is always beautiful music, and her rooms are pretty and artistically decorated.

At Zampach, in Bohemia, she has a great number of pet animals, but quarantine regulations prevent her bringing them to England. Therefore, she has models of them—silver cats, dogs, birds, and horses. Some of them are used as muffineers and look particularly quaint and charming on the dinner table, while her arrival in London for the season is announced by the appearance on the balcony of a life-size model in silver of a pug dog.

## THE SOCIAL PEEP-SHOW.

The royal dinner party last night at Buckingham Palace was a very brilliant, although small, affair. Beyond the immediate members of the Royal Family, including the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Prince and Princess Christian, there were only one or two other guests.

The dinner-table was a mass of gold plate and quantities of lovely flowers, chiefly white, in honour of the occasion. The health of the King and Queen was drunk, but, of course, everything was of a more or less private character.

#### Imperial Tokay.

There has been some discussion lately about the King's champagne, but, as a matter of fact, his Majesty very seldom drinks it, much preferring the now fashionable whisky and seltzer, though he sometimes drinks what is known as the "royal drink," champagne and brandy. A wine

which the King has lately taken to is Tokay, nowadays rare and expensive. This taste is a comparatively recent one, and dates from the time of his illness in Coronation year.

The doctors ordered this wine for the King, and there was none in the royal cellars. Fortunately a member of the household knew a friend who had Tokay in his cellar. He rushed off, though it was in the middle of the night, knocked up his friend, and came back triumphantly with three bottles of the precious liquor. These, so it is said, did a great deal towards saving the King's life, for the day after his operation the only nourishment he took was the Tokay wine.

#### The Prince and the Coals.

With the anniversary of the King's wedding day reminiscences crowd upon me, and one of the most amusing stories of the childhood of their Majesties' children might have been a tragedy.

The Queen, who is so devoted to children, always liked to have her children to herself some time during the day. Once, when she had the late Prince "Eddy" and the Prince of Wales, then quite a baby, with her in her boudoir, she was called away suddenly to write a note. She sat

down at the writing-table in the same room, and had nearly finished when she thought the boys were very quiet, and looked round to see Prince "Eddy" busily engaged in stuffing his brother's mouth full of coals, while poor little Prince George was nearly suffocated, and, of course, quite unable to cry out.

#### A Political Party.

The Duchess of Somerset is the newest addition to the ranks of political hostesses, and her reception on Wednesday night was attended by most of the prominent members of the Unionist Party.

But there was some beautiful music as well, and people stayed on very late, as there were no other parties that night. Until the marriage of the Duke of Norfolk, the Duchess of Somerset was the premier duchess of England, and had this rank at the Coronation. She has lately come a great deal to the fore as an entertainer, and has practically kept "open-house" in Grosvenor-square since the opening of Parliament.

#### People and Plans.

Sir Reginald and Lady Talbot are sailing for Australia, on board the P. and O. steamship Omrah.

The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk will be at

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—DAILY

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# WOMEN.

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every article being used in room mending should be done carefully. It is sent out to the wash. The linen should not be neglected. The linen for fine linen is the "common" which is sold in balls, and can be found in large drapers' shops. One street is the best for fine linen, two for ser articles.

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# NEW TERROR FOR THIEVES.

Birmingham Man Invents a Handcuff With a Lock Which Cannot Be Picked.

Giants fall where sometimes Lilliputians succeed. Scotland Yard detectives have for years been trying to get a really secure handcuff that would baffle even themselves or experts like Houdini to open without a key.

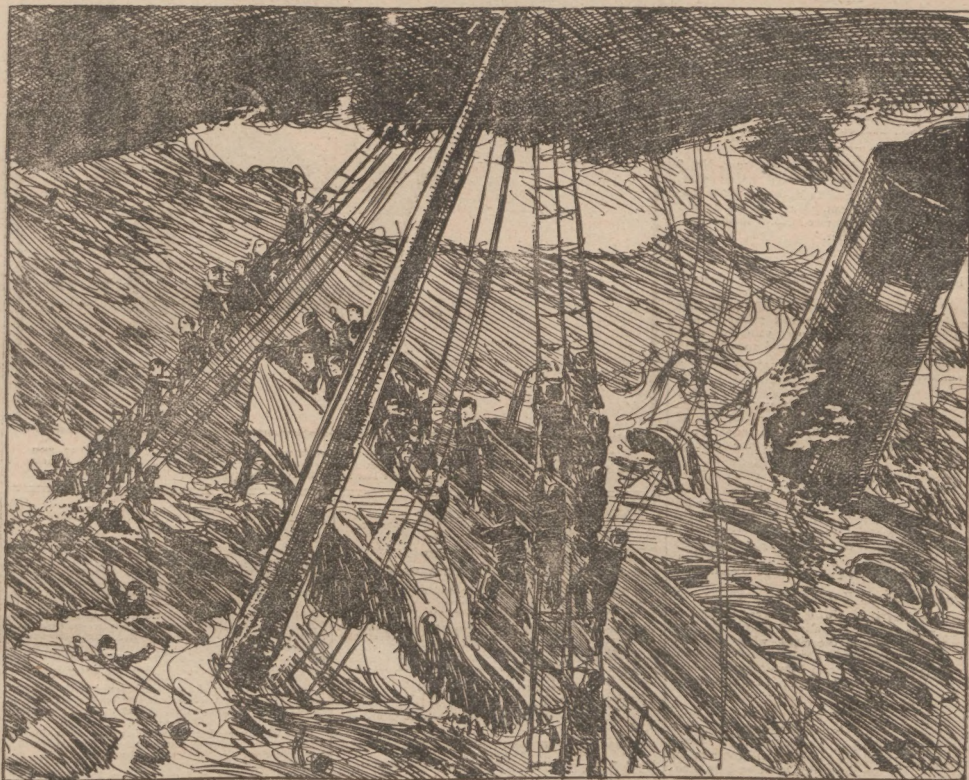
It is well known that the Government regulation handcuff can be opened by most policemen and all habitual criminals by means of a trick.

Mr. Nathaniel Hart, a Birmingham blacksmith, has spent five years of night and day toil in making

finest steel, and is "a lock within a lock." It cannot be picked. The inventor cannot do it himself, and the key took him over a week to make.

"When Houdini was performing his handcuff feats in Birmingham," said Mr. Hart to the writer, "I went to see him, of course. He is undoubtedly a very clever locksmith, and I must own that every handcuff I fitted on him he picked, but this new invention of mine was not perfected then."

## FRENCH STEAMER GOES DOWN WITH A HUNDRED MEN.



A French passenger steamer, the Cambodge, has foundered four miles from Canton Lighthouse, Cochin China. There were a hundred native passengers, fifteen soldiers, and twenty-nine convicts on board, besides a crew of natives and French officers. Nearly a hundred lives were lost; the survivors, after clinging to the rigging for four or five hours, were rescued by the boats of the steamer Namorang.

a pair of handcuffs that "no mortal man can escape from."

A *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative yesterday had a most interesting talk with Mr. Hart in his workshop, and was initiated by the sturdy exponent of anvil and forge into secrets criminals would give much to possess.

### Handcuffs that Fail.

"Have you ever thought," said Mr. Hart, "why it is that Birmingham alone can possess half a dozen large factories and many smaller ones whose myriad workers do nothing else all the year round than make handcuffs and leg-irons? One naturally concludes that when once the police of the kingdom had provided themselves with a sufficient quantity of manacles of all descriptions there would seldom arise occasions for fresh orders. Yet in Birmingham alone thousands of new handcuffs are manufactured weekly. Who buys them, you ask? Why, the police of the kingdom."

"When necessity arises to manacle a dangerous criminal, nine times out of ten the man, as soon as he is left to himself, destroys his shackles. And this is how he does it."

Then Mr. Hart took up a pair of regulation Government handcuffs, snapped them on his sturdy wrists, and, going over to his anvil, with one smart blow broke the lock and freed his hands. "That trick is possible with every handcuff used by the British police. Patent American locks are no better. Even the best Russian and German fetters cannot stand this trick."

"Taking up a formidable-looking cuff, Mr. Hart took careful aim at a certain part of it, which, for obvious reasons, shall be nameless, and at once shattered the mechanism."

In his early youth Mr. Hart was employed in the manufacture of handcuffs. At the age of thirty he set up in business for himself as a blacksmith, but handcuffs, and how to make a manacle without a defect, have always had a fascination for him.

### The Perfect Handcuff.

Five years of his spare time have been devoted to the invention of a perfect handcuff. Mr. Hart knows a fortune awaits the man who can make it, for British, European, and American makers have spent thousands of pounds in attempting to solve the problem.

The great difficulty the maker of a handcuff has to contend with is that there is so little room in which a really powerful lock can be placed. Knowing this, Mr. Hart, after countless trials, has at length succeeded in constructing a lock which, when placed within a handcuff, even violent blows with a sledge-hammer can only bend, but cannot break asunder.

This particular cuff is in the shape of a figure "8," with what may be roughly described as part of a rifle-barrel attached. The lock is made of the

The Birmingham blacksmith has a startling theory as to Mr. Houdini's methods. He contends that "America's Mysteriarch" has one malformed hand, the bones of which he can contort at will. When manacled it is the work of seconds for him to slip this particular hand from any number of cuffs. With one hand free, it is an easy matter for Houdini to pick locks with a master key he has concealed about his person. It must be remembered that Houdini is an expert juggler, and to palm or otherwise keep a small "instrument" for picking locks in his possession from general observation would be a trifling matter to him.

Be that as it may, the editors of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* are so convinced of the merits of Mr. Hart's invention, that they propose to put it to the severest possible test within the next week, particulars of which will be given world-wide publicity.



MR. NATHANIEL HART, the Birmingham blacksmith, who claims to have invented, after five years' toil, a pair of handcuffs that "no mortal man can escape from."

# "MISS FLAT-FINDER."

New Occupation for Energetic Young Women.

"Flats found. Apply Miss —," was the short advertisement which met the eye of a *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative.

Wondering whether it was a species of lost-property office for absent-minded tenants, he sought an interview with the lady advertiser.

"You don't understand what I mean by 'Flats Found,'" she said. "Well, its very simple. Numbers of people are desirous of taking flats, if they can only find one suitable to their require-

ments, but dread the worry and bother of searching for what they want.

"Agents they find so often mislead them; their glowing descriptions are too often drawn from their own imagination, the commodious and magnificent rooms turn out to be little bigger than cupboards, the 'elegant and refined' furniture a shabby, rickety mess, and so people get disheartened.

"I take all this worry off their hands. If they just give me their requirements, tell me which district they wish to live in, and what rent they are prepared to pay, I find them a flat to suit them."

"I charge a small sum per day—about five shillings and out-of-pocket expenses."

"I get lists of flats from all the agents, who know me now, and are careful to only send me accurate particulars, and then I go and bargain with the tenants. I am up to every possible dodge, and can easily tell if people are genuine. You may think there is nothing to know, but I assure you there are lots of unscrupulous people who take flats, furnish them on the hire system, and then let them the rent, of course, payable in advance. Then they decamp, leaving the unfortunate tenants to have the bailiffs put in for rent and the furniture taken away."

"I never take longer than a week to find what is wanted, and am glad to say my connection is rapidly increasing."

## CONQUERING WOMAN.

Women have invaded most of the masculine occupations. Yesterday the residents of Norbiton received a visit from a lady canvasser from a well-known London firm of brewers.

## WARDERS AS PIG DRIVERS.

Mr. Delany recently asked the Irish Secretary if on last pig-fair day in Maryborough two warders were sent out in full uniform driving a number of pigs before them. Mr. Wyndham in reply states two warders in uniform did assist the store-keeper recently in the manner stated; but this was done without authority, and will not occur again.

## HIS ILLUSION ENDED.

Berlin has lost a curious personality in the death of Carl Guewarch, a messenger, who, by reason of his careful study of newspapers on the bookstalls, was known as the Politician. Latterly, the old man imagined that a fortune had been left him, and (says our correspondent), greatly disappointed at not receiving it, he went and committed suicide by hanging.





